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"Congress Shall Make No Law . . ."

IF MEN did not differ, the words "liberty" and "freedom" would have no meaning. It is the differences that give them meaning, and make those meanings necessary to an ordered life in this world. The strong differ from the weak—the weak secure protection against the strong through the erection of a series of "rights." Republicans differ from Democrats—the Republicans must be protected from extinction by the law, which is above party. Such are facts of our human nature, easily observable. There is only one argument against them: that differences are bad, that a society should be a unity, that therefore the strong should be allowed to annihilate the weak, the Democrats allowed to wipe out the Republicans.

To say that differences are merely bad, though, is folly, for differences *are*, and to call them names is not to abolish them. To call them bad would be something the same as saying that mountains—or oceans or oak trees or diamonds—are bad. Perhaps they are—sometimes indeed they are—but man cannot change the fact that they exist. Even heresies serve a purpose: "For there must be also heresies: that they also, who are approved may be made manifest among you." The better argument seems to be that differences are more often good. Their healthy play within a framework of order can create great riches of every sort, can bring all nearer to some goal of perfection.

Man's wisdom has ever recognized that differences *are*, that they produce both good and evil, and that the prime purpose of politics is to extract the maximum of value from diversity, the minimum of harm. Man's folly, losing patience with the task, seeks ever to impose some unitary pattern upon all, flying in the face of nature, which in that very pattern of unity will discover fresh fissures of diversity.

The practical structure painfully wrought in European civilization of a compendium of rights —of "liberties"—sanctioned by law which is above persons and parties, though never a very solid structure, is yet the best-planned of which we know, both practically and in philosophy. It, however, like all living mortal things, is a structure which never stays put, but must constantly be renewed with the toughest kind of labor—intellectual and spiritual labor. It is a structure which can be attacked by termites and dry rot without its inhabitants being more than ever so slightly aware of an additional creaking of the timbers, a greater sag in the rooftree.

Americans are committed in their own thoughts and hearts to the defense of this structure they vaguely and scarcely know. And Americans now face the subtlest, fiercest of all the disintegrating forces which can threaten that structure—war. For in war we all fear difference, we all crave unity, we all forget our nature. We have seen a law enacted which makes it criminal almost to speak to a soldier or sailor, almost to think in terms of force against the government, and we have seen men and women in Minneapolis brought to trial and sentenced for violation of that law. We have seen local draft boards act against the spirit if not the letter of the act they were created to execute by refusing the status of conscientious objector to those clearly entitled to that status. We have seen army officers tell their men what ministers of religion they may listen to. And we shall see much more of the same.

The federal government has so far given every indication, at least among its highest officers, of disapproving such things. Let us hope it will continue to do so. The celebration of Bill of Rights day may have accomplished something to make us know a little better, as well as love a little more, the structure we are dedicated to defend. All this is not enough. We must restrain our hearts, give rein to our heads, defend ourselves all against the temptation to destroy that which we and our parents have painfully built, painfully kept standing.

For an American Balance

NO ONE questions our ability as a nation to organize for something we really want to do. Currently the New York *Times* quotes the reminiscences of von Hindenburg as testifying to this with approval in regard to our war organization: "Under the compulsion of military necessity, a ruthless autocracy was at work. . . . Her brilliant, if pitiless, war industry has entered the service of patriotism." It will be so again. But just because our national temperament lends itself to this vast

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united enthusiasm which is almost like a frenzy, and because our national genius knows how to implement that frenzy with almost unbelievable resources of coordination and concentration, we must also make a thoughtful study of balancing these traits and keeping them within the human picture. We have the record, one might say the fresh memory, of that other war to steady us with the reminder of what our successes were at balancing then, and what our failures. We have the singularly effective example of the British. And we have our own common sense and knowledge of social psychology. The chief counteracting agent to a machine-like centralization is of course individual initiative. The women swamping the Red Cross volunteer registries, the men enlisting, are contributing a national service beyond the offer of their personal efforts. They are making a tradition, a reserve of democratic reassurance for all the rest of us to draw on. The conscript in any branch of endeavor is just as patriotic; works just as hard and dies just as bravely; and his or her sober discipline contributes to another vital tradition. But as a specific against all-out organization there is nothing to compare with voluntary choice. Thus one must welcome the tokens that labor gives of imposing peace from within. One must welcome the Price Administration's suggestion that children in homes volunteer for the important service of saving paper. One must hope that very much wider domestic and private disciplines will be self-imposed, after one of the happiest of our examples in the last war. And one must welcome, as an important defense of the individual under the hardest possible test, the Attorney General's ruling on the treatment of detained conscientious objectors and the care to be exercised in the prosecution of alleged sedition.

American Co-ops on the March

FOR MANY who have been most interested in social developments, the past five years have been a paralyzing time. As country after country went down under the weight of superior force, attention has become riveted exclusively on what to do about the war. Enthusiasm flared up and sputtered out in mere debate. Constructive visions for the common well-being faded or died aborning. The war has swallowed up nearly everything. But one group has not lost heart, the leaders of the Consumers Cooperatives. Probably they comprise the only major group with a constructive, specified social program that has continued to forge ahead through disasters and alarums. In fact today, with the country at war, the cooperators of the United States are taking their greatest strides toward what they believe to be the horizon of a better world. Their nationwide broadcast, November 29, which included Senator Aiken, Representative Voorhis and Murray Lincoln was highly successful. It has been reproduced for distribution in phonograph record and two-penny pamphlet form. In January, there will be a drive to enroll 50,000 "dollar a year men" to finance a series of broadcasts to "Help Enlighten America." On January 1, the first sound movie of American cooperatives will be available for distribution in all parts of the country. It is an expert documentary film. Cooperators have set up an informal Committee for International Cooperative Reconstruction at which leaders in exile from Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Germany, Estonia, Poland and other countries were present. Reports of substantial cooperative growth throughout Latin America are current. Latest dispatches also tell of a new oil well for their refinery in Indiana, new housing in New York and Detroit (where Frank Lloyd Wright is the architect) and the new headquarters for a Consumers Cooperative Association embracing eastern New Mexico, western Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle, where this year's business has grown almost 500 percent over last year's. The faith and drive of the cooperators point to something substantial in a crumbling world.

The War for Pan-America

THE COUNTRY is at war in a world war, more complete even than the World War of 1914-1918. Versailles did not return the world to a rectified version of conditions before Sarajevo, and the finish of this war will not return civilization to anything like the pattern "before Poland." No one wants that; no one expects it; and no one believes it is in any fashion possible.

For the United States and for every nation there are two classes or branches of peace hopes and war aims: (a) One category is universalist. It represents the yearning toward a right order in world affairs, toward peace with justice and an acceptance by all the peoples of the world of a humane and civilized relationship with one another. We want to establish virtue as we see it and root out sin as we condemn it. This class of war aim looks toward the extension of personal reasonableness and virtue on the one hand, and toward international or supranational organization and government of the widest sort on the other. (b) The second class of war aims is easier to hold in your hand. It seeks the territorial integrity of the country together with the maximum guarantee of the steady flow of required resources. It looks for a balance of power giving the United States freedom for the optimum development as Americans freely judge it.

The ideas of these two classes of peace aims cannot be cleanly separated. Finally, in the realm of the ideal, they are parts of a single whole. In practical effort to achieve as near the ideal as

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possible, however, it is proper to recognize that these classifications are distinguishable. It is impossible in the war to arrive anywhere near the first, universal objective without assuring the second. Undoubtedly, the end of American integrity cannot be fully attained unless the international order is vigorously straightened out, but it is a logical and practical debate just where and how greatly the opportunity for American development is dependent upon a universal settling of the cares of the whole world. It is, of course, a real moral question how much the people of this country should set themselves up as judge of the whole world order.

Each individual is personally obligated to act according to universal standards of morality, but in any case, from the religious, philosophic and moral viewpoint, and from the viewpoint of physical necessity and military might, national war aims of class (b)—the freedom of the people of the United States for proper development—are prior to the war aims (a)—our virtue and our justice all over the world at once.

These and other considerations show Latin America and our relations with Latin America to be a huge part of the whole complex of our war purpose. To the extent that we are fighting off attack, it is Central and South America which, after the states and territories of this country, must claim our first defense. The influence this country has on others works from within the country out, and the first to be influenced (if we leave out Canada, the closest neighbor, an ally in the war) are the peoples of Latin America. We can never enter into agreement on a genuine world order unless that order governs our relations with American neighbors.

Toward Latin America, the United States has the responsibility and opportunity arising from overwhelming power. This means relative naval, air, military and economic power, and no doubt some other kinds. At this time Britain and the US constitute the only market and supply areas for the states of Central and South America. And England herself is largely—most disconcertingly—dependent upon the US. No long exposition would be needed to demonstrate that the United States can have trust in Britain and the Latin American states which cannot be approached with any other countries.

The defense of Latin America is our first outside war job. In this, as in all other fields of Pan-American development, our wisest desire appears to be for reciprocal, multilateral, over-all strength and action. The more force they can themselves muster for the defense of the hemisphere, the less drain there will be on this country. Their own power can help us all be safer and can serve well to balance the might of this country so that Pan-Americanism will be more surely mutual and more certainly free from danger of US exploitation.

In all the preparation for this war, the United States government did nothing which seems now to have been sounder and more beneficial than to effectuate an increasingly practical and fruitful good neighbor policy with the Americas. Under the test of war more than ever, its continued usefulness depends upon not wasting past efforts by now giving them up, and upon raising the Latin American "standard of living" in all the ways that can be practically measured, rather than upon any dominance through the threat of United States force.

When the war came, the government had in operation all sorts of programs for the direction of US military and economic efforts. Many were planned to strengthen the Central and South American Republics. These should not be abandoned. It is war on a world scale, but our base of operations remains inevitably the Americas. It would seem hazardous and short-sighted to operate the lend-lease program and the system of priorities and of allocations (as it comes) to the disadvantage of the American nations. There have been repeated reports that the possible speed of Latin American development has been cut by diversion of US products and efforts to more distant theaters. A grand strategy which would sacrifice the power and friendliness of Latin America to the uncertainties of, say, Turkey or Russia would rightly be hard to explain in Central and South American capitals. With the powerful threat to the East Indies and other tropical parts of the old world in general, it appears that the quick creation of alternate sources of supply in Latin America is more important than ever. Latin America is a tremendous place for people, and for the production of rubber, quinine, tin, rare metals, vegetable oils, fibers, etc. And developing these new sources builds up the general power of our secure allies, the Latin American peoples.

The government is fighting a world war. Its strategy must cover the globe. It has exhibited creative energy in cultivating this American range of the influence of the United States. Presumably it will continue to do so and will guard against letting the home base from which we work deteriorate while we prosecute necessary strategic attacks in more distant areas. The job of studying and working for a better and stronger Pan-America is not—just as most every national effort is not—an exclusively governmental responsibility. All through the vast range of economic and cultural spheres, citizens and groups of citizens have their personal opportunities to promote worthy social policies for inter-American progress. The most strictly political purposes of the government are themselves greatly affected for ill or good by the background of private action and knowledge and interest which the citizens achieve through their own initiative.

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Is Britain Going Red?

Reflections on Britain's new order.

By J. L. Benvenisti

EVEN in those days before the possibility of communist Russia becoming the ally or associate of this country was contemplated, I understood from certain reports that the question "Is Britain going red?" was for some reason being widely asked in America, and it was a question that rather puzzled me because I had only the vaguest idea what it meant. I am inclined to think that this tendency to classify mankind chromatically into red and whatever may be the opposite of red—black, white, green, pale beige or just not red—is commoner in America than it is over here. No doubt there are reasons for this. But I certainly seem to detect a tendency in America, if I may say so without impertinence, to use the red paint pot in rather a slap dash manner, to write down as red anybody that is in any way critical of the existing economic order.

If that is the meaning of the word, then Britain is just a crimson glaring blot on the map of the world, and it is much better that America should know about it. But apart from such extreme interpretation there is still a perfectly legitimate question to be answered, namely whether there is anything in the nature of a revolutionary change or upheaval to be expected in Great Britain. I believe I am peculiarly fitted to answer that question. For some months now I have been working as an ordinary machinist in a great engineering works doing a working class job among ordinary working class people. I have, as a matter of fact, the great honor to be working among skilled engineers, but though this is to some extent the aristocracy of labor I should say that their views and reactions form a pretty good cross section of average working class opinion.

Actually my work is in a town of some eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants in the middle of farming country, one among scores of such places in England. The speech of the men is essentially the soft slow speech of countrymen, and through the shriek and roar of their machinery you hear the babble, not of green fields, but of lettuce, beetroot, cauliflower, of the right way of keeping black fly off broad beans and of the ideal moment to start feeding the chrysanthemums.

Most particularly the talk has run up till recently on tomatoes.

Whether the color of this fruit symbolizes a violent taste for tumbrils and mob violence I do not know. But certainly tomatoes were for a time a sort of crimson obsession. When the charge hand came round to my machine and gazed in horror at the things I had done to the unresisting metal, I had last summer one certain and unvarying way of soothing him. I just asked his advice on some point of tomato growing and he would turn his back on my work and tell me with a sort of cold fury how I should set about it. After about five minutes he would remember that there was a war on and with a look that plainly said, "clever, aren't you," he would turn round again and discuss my work. But the passion had gone out of him and he now discussed my shortcomings as a manual worker not so much in anger but in the tone of one who appealed to my better nature. I am certain of one thing. If Herr Hitler wishes to institute any further fifth column activity next year he should direct his agents to eschew the risky and relatively unprofitable work of blowing up bridges, power houses and so forth. All they need do is to insinuate themselves into our factories and start talking tomatoes. In six weeks they will have completely paralyzed the British war effort.

The working man's character

I am drawing you this picture because it reflects the average character of the working Englishman quite as accurately as the masses of a few great towns, and you will surely agree that this is not the stuff that Marxists are made of. These incurably vegetable-occupied individualists are not the kind that make for proletarian upheavals, but that does not mean by any means that something may not be stirring, and I would like to tell you in these few lines exactly what I think it is.

I believe we are witnessing the breakdown of the aristocratic principle in British life. We are witnessing the twilight of the gentry. Many, of course, say that the aristocratic principle is already dead and that England is today a so-called plutocracy. But this is far from being true. England is still governed by a governing class, though admission to that class is not by birth but through the school, the so-called "public schools," which are, to put the matter bluntly and baldly, schools for the children of well-to-do parents. They are

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probably the most exquisitely unpublic things in British life. The class thus recruited has a certain continuity of outlook and behavior and certain traditional sets of values. Mere money certainly counts for more than it did, and if you yourself have the air of being top drawer, people will not bother to enquire who your father was. If you are a "public school" man you will in nine cases out of ten get the right appointment, and if you are not you won't. It is not true that mere money will do the trick unaided.

Now acquiescence in this state of things was until lately still pretty widespread, but it is an acquiescence that has shifted its ground. Originally it reposed on the true principles of the aristocratic state, which means that the member of the aristocratic caste is an end in himself and that his subordinates accept this as one of the facts of life. The mere existence of the gentleman is held to be somehow pleasing to God. Of course there were at all times people who doubted whether God was quite as pleased about it as all that. On the other hand a good many gentlemen who did hold this view thought that in the circumstances it might not be a bad idea to please Him a little more. Hence the ideal of Arnold, the great nineteenth century schoolmaster, the ideal of the Christian gentleman, which has much to be said for it.

The aristocratic theory in this its old classical form, the theory under which the gentleman was an end in himself, would now no longer be explicitly upheld. The acquiescence in the existence of a governing class has rested recently on a rather different foundation. It was that such a class trained in a special manner would give a special kind of service and because that was very widely assumed, some semblance of the old aristocratic principle still remained. But because it is now increasingly felt that that service has not been forthcoming, the whole structure is beginning to break down.

There is abroad a very strong sense of the lack of intellectual adequacy of the kind of people who up till recently governed us and still largely govern us today. Possibly we expected too much of them. Possibly we overestimated the amount of sheer luck in Hitler's successes. Possibly we underestimated the huge handicaps under which our own leadership has labored. But there have been moments when the tale of our reverses began to look unduly long and frightening, and in such moments some extremely pertinent questions began to be asked.

This general tendency to sceptical assessment was made more intense by one very powerful factor. This was the long and bitter memory of the men in the engineering trades. More almost than any others, the "engineers" suffered from the mass unemployment of the thirties, and up till a few years ago their wages, when they were lucky enough to get a job, were execrable. They have come back onto the scene in what is in every sense of the word a fighting mood. They are not going to have any nonsense from Hitler but they also are not going to have any nonsense from anybody else. They feel they were let down once and they are not going to be let down again. Those long years of misery stick in their minds and I myself think they have good reason for feeling the way they do. It is not so much a question of the unemployment problem not having been solved. That would have been forgiven. It is that the governing classes did not tackle that problem with anything like the vigor and ardor which it deserved. It is not so much a question that they did not take any legislative measure worth mentioning but that it was not uppermost in their minds.

Most people now realize that schematically speaking the unemployment problem can be solved. It can be solved at a price. The trouble is not that there has been a refusal to pay that price —which is payable by a certain loss in the freedom of contract and also possibly by heavy redistributive taxation. It is that the price was never really ascertained; there was never really any informed debate on the matter with a clear marshaling of the arguments on either side.

Now the engineers feel instinctively that the undoubted inadequacy of our war effort in the earlier stages of the war, an inadequacy which we are still expiating, and above all the disastrous blindness to the real nature of the thing that was coming into being in Central Europe throughout the thirties, was due to this same lack of intellectual tidiness and to this same lack of awareness. It was a failure on the part of the people who had been paid in the currency of privilege both for steering the ship and for keeping a lookout.

What makes these feelings so strong is the fact that the British working class do so fully realize what a Hitler victory would mean for them. They are, of course, normally patriotic people, but apart from such normal patriotism there is one lesson they have taken to heart and that lesson is Poland. They may not have much book learning, but any examination paper on the subject of Hitler's occupation of Poland would be passed by them with flying colors. Their expertise on this subject leaves nothing to be desired. And they are perfectly ready to go to the slaughter in droves to prevent it happening here.

A book

The other day I bought a book which I strongly recommend because I think it is a very good one; it is called "If Hitler Comes," and is conceived rather in the manner of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here." It depicts with sobriety but devastating insight exactly what would happen if

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Hitler became master of this country. The farce of so-called "cooperation," the honeycombing of the country by the Gestapo, the destruction of all freedom of speech and association until—and this is the ghastly part of the book—a proud free people has itself become a nation of informers and sneaks.

I read this book on my way to work; I brought it into the workshop and showed it to several of the men; to be exact, I showed it to three. I held up the book with the title displayed and I said, "Here is a book you ought to read," and in each case the reply came in the same identical words. Each of the three said, "I don't want to read no bloody book of what would happen if Hitler comes. *I know.*"

Now when you get people in that frame of mind they are apt to be very critical. They may be unjustifiably critical. It is not my business to discuss that here. I am a reporter of fact and nothing else and the fact is that this kind of mood is abroad and you are in consequence beginning to see the appearance of that strange vitalizing force, popular initiative.

That has recently made its appearance in the "all aid to Russia" movement, an entirely spontaneous ebullition of popular feeling using the ordinary channels of British trade unionism, but with the impetus definitely coming from below. We have here the amazing and unprecedented spectacle of workers agitating not for better wages, better working conditions or shorter hours but for opportunities to work longer, more continuously and more effectively. Ideas and suggestions are coming from the workshops for improvements in planning and productive technique. I daresay some of them are very silly. On the other hand a few of them are, I happen to know, anything but silly and are being taken very seriously by the authorities.

It would be idle to deny that this new and passionate release of energy has shown itself most intensely since the entry of Russia into the war. This is not due to any intense affection of the British worker for Russian institutions, which he neither knows nor cares very much about. It is due to the spectacle of ordinary common men fighting to keep their country to themselves, but above all it is due to the shamed and angry realization that these simple Russian folk were fighting and dying to save British homes. It is this last, as I can testify personally by a hundred utterances heard in the workshop and the canteen, that has so deeply stirred the common folk of England.

I remember one Sunday a little time ago seeing chalked up on a fence the words, "They did not die in vain." There was no indication of who "they" were, yet there was no need to be more explicit, for we all knew. "They" were the Russian soldiers who lay in the fields before Kiev which had fallen on that day. These words were more than a tribute, they were the acknowledgement of a debt—and in order that these men shall not have died in vain the British are now asking for two things, flawless management and the right to work themselves to death.

But there are other forces at work. It is not only this new energy from below but also the logic of circumstance which is rapidly changing the structure of British life. Small things can be very eloquent in such matters as this, and I would like to note one such small thing which it seems to me not over fanciful to regard as a sociological turning point. We have just created a new scheme for training officers for the Royal Tank Corps. The new training course is, considering that we are at war, a remarkably long one. It is, I understand, to take the better part of a year and it has been very definitely laid down that the class of education which means in this country whether a man has been to one of the "public schools" or to one of the far less fashionable State schools is to carry no weight in the selection of candidates. These are to be picked irrespective of social origin and solely with a view to their general aptitude.

The reason for this is undoubtedly the recognition by the authorities that in this war of machinery, the practical mechanic who has known the rough and tumble of the workshop and perhaps gained some ascendency in that sphere, may be more deserving of opportunities for leadership than the more gently nurtured. I like to fancy that we have here possibly the beginnings of a sort of new caste before which the old system of caste will crumble away. The hereditary aristocracy of Europe originated largely in the fighting caste which beat off the Mohammedan assault. Is it not possible that the new menace to Christendom will be beaten off by this new nobility of the spanner, which will doubtless receive its accolade with the micrometer and the vernier gauge?

Now the amazing thing is that with these vast changes going on there is not a trace, or suspicion, at least none that I have been able to discover, of genuine communist ideology taking root. The people caught in this great stream are "petits bourgeois," incurably and to the soles of their boots. They have lived as such and they will die as such—with all their deep decencies and all the inveterate normality of their instincts; and this is the acid test, that despite our alliance with Russia, despite exchanges of delegates with Russia and all the ballyhoo of international back slapping with Russia, there still remains in England a certain respect, and even shyness, about religion.

I will not pretend that England is any longer a Christian country in the full sense of the word, but the Christian vestiges still remain. I can vouch for this by personal experience, for it was soon known in the shop that I wrote for the Catholic

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press and was a Catholic—indeed the daily raiding of my toolbox for papers to which I was known to contribute and which I had a habit of putting there became at one time something of a nuisance. Yet not once in all these months have I been made to feel even a shadow of hostility on that account. The only feeling aroused seems to be a sort of mild curiosity. An anti-God bias is not only unknown. I do not think it would even be understood.

Certainly something new is being born and certainly the contact with Russia has acted as an energizer. Yet the thing that is being born is not communism or anything like it. Personally, in my more reckless moments, I am inclined to call it democracy.

Living on Boats

A teacher solves the rent problem.

By **Walter John Marx**

WHAT can be done by the person who believes in decentralism, who possesses certain of the skills required by a decentralist, but who is bound to a precarious urban job and can look ahead for no more than a year at a time? My suggestion is to live on the water.

Many of our prehistoric ancestors, living in times perhaps as fraught with danger and as uncertain as our own, retreated to the lakes and built their homes on piles over the water. Still today in China, thousands of people live on small boats moored on the rivers and bays of that country. In our own United States an untold number of independent Americans in the Mississippi Valley have turned their backs upon modern civilization and have retained the free life of their ancestors: these are the shanty-boat people.

On the Eastern seaboard, where most of the boat-dwellers work in urban jobs, we find people of all classes. In Washington a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man moved on board his boat two winters ago when he found even that salary insufficient to enable him to cope with Washington landlords and entertain the friends who dropped in. On his boat all that was necessary to insure privacy and discourage guests was to pull out into the river. The dropping-in fell off immediately. In Philadelphia a highly-paid engineer moved on board his boat for somewhat similar reasons.

At the opposite end of the scale are a good many families so poor that there is no hope for them in the ordinary decentralist movements for after all, as sceptical colleagues constantly tell me, it takes capital to buy a place in the country. These poor families cannot afford even to buy a boat but it is possible for them, by disposing of some of their last scanty possessions, to raise the few dollars needed for a small houseboat or for at least the scow hull. Following is one case reported in the Washington papers two winters ago: the family was on relief, father, mother, two sons and a daughter. One son obtained a part-time job, the daughter was training for a typist's job. But, as in the case of most relief families, the combined family income was just not sufficient to pay rent and at the same time provide food. So, somehow or other, the family raised twenty-five dollars, purchased an old house-boat at Alexandria, had it towed to the foot of K Street in Washington, and moved on board. Water was obtained from a convenient spigot on the bank. Fish were plentiful in the river, driftwood provided fuel for a small heater and planks for repairs and rough furniture. The fee for tying at this place was one dollar a month! Instead of living in an urban slum they had for their backyard the magnificent scenery of the upper Potomac.

Another case is that of a middle-aged bachelor who moors his small house-boat at Alexandria. He works when he can on construction jobs in the neighborhood. This provides his cash income. On the bank (no man's land) he has fenced in a small patch for a garden. He puts up enough tomatoes to last him all winter. He picks berries and cans them; he keeps a dozen chickens. It is true he is something of a squatter but if he is chased off he can embark, chickens and all, for some other point on the river. I should explain that most of the property on the banks of the Potomac below Washington does not seem to be in use.

For those people who have jobs, life on a boat may mean the difference between existing on the near-poverty level and on a very comfortable level. Rents are so high in Washington that many people must give up a third of their income to the landlord. This same amount of money in a single year's time will purchase a used cruiser in fair condition and large enough for two or three people to live on. Typical cases are the following: a gas

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station employee. Instead of paying rent, he was able to secure a big cruiser on easy terms. In two years he owns the boat, a permanent home. Then there is a skilled craftsman working for the Navy Yard. He purchased an old hull, practically rebuilt her himself, put on a tight cabin and for two years lived on board with his wife. He has now sold the boat and is looking around for a larger one. Another case is that of a taxi-driver who bought a cruiser for six hundred dollars and moved on board with his wife. Another young couple sold six rooms of furniture and with the proceeds, plus a few hundred in savings, purchased a permanent home on the water.

The advantages of this sort of a life are numerous: if the worker is transferred to some other city, he can take his home with him—providing the city is on the East coast or along one of the navigable rivers or lakes. But most of our large cities can be reached by boat. All the thrills of an evening sunset over the water, the quiet and peace possible, equal or surpass those of life in the country. And can a farm house rise and fall gently with the waves and waft one off to sleep? Then when vacation time comes, there is no expensive visit to some crowded resort. Thousands of miles of water, beautiful bays surrounded by wooded hills, are yours for the asking, crystal-clear waters for an evening dip right off your stern.

Naturally there are limits to the number of people who can take advantage of this idyllic life. And before one dares to obtain a boat there is a certain amount of studying necessary. It is true, however, that less study is required than that needed to become a successful semi-subsistence farmer. One procedure for those with limited capital is the one hit upon by myself. I had been a boat enthusiast from the time I was a small boy, but constant dislocations in the pursuit of my studies prevented me from acquiring a boat. A time came, however, when I could wait no longer. I bought back copies of all the boating magazines, looked over boat plans, calculated costs of construction, haunted used-boat places, etc. I could not find anything I could afford so took the plans of the smallest boat on which I could live in summer and decided to build her myself. The lumber figured out at only a hundred dollars and, like most novices, I innocently thought that this would be the main cost of my boat. Actually, with the cruising equipment, the cost was three hundred! And there were other surprises too that were not fully explained in articles on boatbuilding.

My own boat

The problem of fitting the sides into the stem almost stumped me. The tension was so great that one time the sides swung loose, tearing the stem off one side and its supports, breaking my chines. Because of the tension it was impossible to get an accurate pencil line of the stem rabbet on to the large plywood sides. In despair I finally took the stem off the keel assembly, put it on the lawn and fastened my sides on there, a most unorthodox way of doing things. I then obtained a two-hundred-pound neighbor to help me pry the whole business back in place. He held it there with a powerful pry while I hastened to fasten in the screws to keep it in place. Then boring holes through the skeg for the bolts which hold it to the keelson was scarcely a task for a novice. The heavy oak was only an inch and a half wide and the longest hole was fifteen inches. I only ran off once, however. For the mast I bought a fine piece of 4x4 spruce and trimmed it down by hand, a long, weary job for Philadelphia weather in July.

When there was really hard work to do, I was left alone, but as soon as the boat seemed near completion and ready to sail, I got many offers of assistance. Willing hands helped me paint my craft, and finally the glorious day arrived when she was ready for launching. We hired a trailer and ran the boat out into the Delaware at low tide, then waited as the tide came in and lifted the boat off the wheels. What a thrill it was when she really floated! To the surprise of all, including myself, she did not leak. When I tried out the sails she handled excellently.

For about two weeks I tested the boat on the river and then prepared for my voyage to the Bay. It was tremendous fun to ferry out my provisions, portable radio, etc., and finally, one beautiful summer evening, I hoisted sail and headed down the Delaware. The tide soon changed, however, and since it flows around three miles per hour, I dropped anchor for the night. The next day there was no wind but by catching the favorable morning tide it was possible to make progress, aided by a huge twelve-foot sculling oar. From then on, with amazing perversity, the wind either did not blow at all or blew against us. We would drift with the tide, anchor when it changed, and drift or tack into the wind. Once in a while for an hour or two we were able to sail on a reach.

Abreast of Pines Grove, New Jersey, we were caught by a change in the tide and a strong head wind so that we actually lost two miles. I had no charts for the river as I had assumed that one could not get lost with a bank on each side. But there was no way of telling the shoal spots and it was a problem at night to anchor in water deep enough so that we would not be high and dry at low tide. We almost missed the entrance to the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal and turned in close-hauled, just in time, only to be thrown out violently when we came about and tried to tack into the swift current flowing against us. I hastily got the sails down while my mate dropped the anchor in the middle of the ship channel. We bounced around in the nasty tide rip for five hours until

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the current changed and then, at dusk, I started sculling into a light wind up the canal. There was nothing cool to drink on board, our water was bad, and the temperature around ninety-eight. Our speed was about a mile and a half an hour. Unfortunately my mate did not know how to scull. The little radio was some help as I tried to wield the oar in time to the music—I still remember a tango which made my feet itch. The night was pitch black and every so often the whole canal would seem to be filled with a huge steamer, all lit up. I would scurry to the side, out of the way, and then go on. By one in the morning I discovered I was standing still as the tide had changed.

Next morning we arrived at Chesapeake City and took on fresh supplies, had more trouble with wind and tide but finally got a breeze we could use and had a really glorious sail down the Elk River, past magnificent scenery out into the open bay. It was so much fun that I did not consult my chart and when my worried mate inquired about the noise we kept hearing I spoke simply of thunder in the distance. We were bound for an inviting shore where we intended to go swimming. But the thunder got closer without a cloud in the sky and in finally looking at my chart I discovered that we were in the forbidden zone of the Aberdeen proving ground! By that time the wind left us so there was another long period of sculling to get out of the area. We finally dropped anchor near shore but in the open bay, something few experienced boatmen ever do. Around two a.m. we were awakened by a terrific plunging of our tiny craft. A strong wind had come up and we were quite exposed. I let out all of my anchor rope and at dawn hastened to get the sails up and with the wind behind us for the first time on the trip we rolled down the bay. By sunrise my mate arose and had hot coffee ready and by afternoon we were abreast of Annapolis, becalmed. Toward sunset the usual evening breeze came up and we managed to sail into the wide river, proceeding in the darkness by means of a flashlight and by watching the harbor lights marked on the chart. Within a hundred yards of the docks we ran aground in soft mud but finally got off. The trip had taken eight days in all—certainly no record, but we had had miserable luck with the wind.

I lived on board my little boat until October 15 of that year. I moved back on May 1 and stayed on board until December 8 of the following year, sailing her from the bay, 150 miles around to Washington, single-handed this time, and again bucking head winds so that I was on board ten days in making the trip.

By this time the little boat had served its usefulness. I had become convinced of the desirability of living on the water, and I now wanted a larger boat which I could turn into a permanent home, livable in winter as well as in summer. Cruising around the bay I had had a chance to study many types of boats. Then, too, I studied the boating magazines and finally found the very type for my purpose of a combined home and cruiser—an American copy of the famous Dutch boats, designed in this country by Westlawn Associates of Montville, New Jersey. I wrote for sketches of the plans, studied them, dreamed about them, but could not raise enough money to build the size I wanted.

One evening, as I sat in a comfortable lawn chair which just filled my tiny cockpit, reading the evening paper as the sun went down over Haines Point, sipping a glass of sherry, a stranger paused on the wharf to talk a few minutes, envying me my comfort and independence. Since all I could talk about to anyone was "Dutch sloops" I soon told him of my dream boat. To my amazement he knew of the original one built in this country, Gray Dawn II, then in Florida. He offered to see if she were for sale as he generally went down at Christmas. I heard no more from him and almost forgot about the incident until I met him by accident the following March when he gave me the address of the owner. By a fortunate series of circumstances, the boat was for sale and at a price I could afford. She was being used for party-fishing but was unsuited for that and the owner wanted to dispose of her as he was not a boatman and was losing money.

With a minimum of negotiation, the deal was clinched and the moment summer school was over I boarded a train laden down with an extra anchor, rope, tools, provisions, etc. I arrived in Fort Pierce, Florida toward dusk, gave the bottom of the boat a hasty inspection, turned over my check and the next morning had the boat put in the water, took on provisions and headed for the open ocean, intending to sail all the way to the bay.

At Jacksonville the ex-captain of the boat left me and I picked up a friend who continued on to Washington with me. The winds remained against us most of the time but whenever possible I hoisted the sails and used them along with the one motor. Our stormiest weather was encountered at the mouth of the Cape Fear River and in crossing Albermarle Sound. In entering the sound we had the wind behind us, so kept on even though it was getting dark. The waves grew higher, I was trying to steer by a compass course to pick up the channel entrance across the sound but the constant yawing made steering a course almost impossible. Then too our compass was at least four points out. So when we should have picked up the channel lights and didn't, we took stock and decided we had drifted far too much to the East. By that time it was necessary to get

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the canvas down as the wind was at gale proportions. As we swung about into the wind for that purpose we came full into the trough of the waves and everything movable in the cabin ended on the floor. The channel lights were finally found and we soon were in sheltered waters although we almost ran aground when I followed a light which checked with the chart but which eventually appeared to be across dry land. The light I should have followed had gone out. We caught the mistake just in time to avoid grounding.

From Norfolk we managed to make Washington in two days, by running until 3 a.m. the first day and until 11 p.m. the second, aided by the sails as well as by the engine. The charts were absolutely essential. Even with them I made the blunder of trying to anchor at three in the morning in the middle of the Navy's firing range on the lower Potomac.

My boat is now in Washington for the winter, I have built in some book shelves, am busy constructing a solid desk as large as one has in an office, and I need worry no longer about a place to live. In summer I shall hoist sail and head once more for the Bay.

Sonnets of Death

Interest aroused by Clarence Finlayson's article on Gabriela Mistral in the December 6 issue prompts us to reprint three of her Sonnets of Death, which were translated by Thomas Walsh and published in the THE COMMONWEAL, *January 14, 1925.*

Mr. Walsh, who was one of the editors of THE COMMONWEAL *in its early days, was a pioneer in bringing to the attention of North Americans some of the finest contemporary literary works of Latin America.**

I

From that cold ledge where they have laid you by,
I shall take down and lay you in the ground,
Where humble and alone myself shall lie,
Where we shall share dream-pillowings profound.
Beside you stretching I shall show you all
A mother's yearning for her child asleep,
So earth shall cradle your pale body's pall,
And sweetness smother half the sobs you weep.

Then shall I wander through the dusk of roses,
Whilst' mid the azure moonlight mist you wait,
Where the crushed spirit in your bones reposes;
I shall fare on afar, my victory singing,
So none shall come unto the hidden gate
To wake the dust where I your bones am bringing.

II

My weariness shall know one day increase;
My soul deny the body consort more,
Lifting its nature to the paths of peace,
Where man would turn to seek his rosy store.
And you shall feel beside your form a stir,
When to your silent city there arrives
Another sleeper; then shall they inter
Your comrade for the converse that survives.

And finally your heart shall know that ne'er
Your flesh was ripened for such feeble bones,
Though still without fatigue you slumber there.
Light through your breast shall break the shadows down—
A starry light of union pierce our zones,
And our great compact broken, gain Death's crown.

III

The hands of evil have been on your life,
Since when, at signal from the stars, I sowed
It 'mid the lilies, all with beauty rife,
Till hands of evil wrecked its fair abode.
Then to the Lord I said—"From mortal paths
O let them take his soul that knows no guide!
Save him, O Master, from impending wraths,
And plunge him in the dream Thine arms spread wide."

Lament is vain—in vain, no more I follow!
Black is the tempest that drives on his sail!
My breast on his!—else mow to earth the flower!
Woe! Woe!—the seas his bark of roses swallow—
Is pity in my heart then no avail?
Thou that shalt judge me, Lord, weigh Thou this hour!

GABRIELA MISTRAL
Translation of THOMAS WALSH

* These sonnets first appeared in "The Hispanic Anthology" (1920). The second (unpublished) volume of this anthology contains more work by Mistral and ninety Spanish-American poets. Matter herewith reprinted by permission of Thomas Walsh's literary executor.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT IS to be hoped that the splendid example set by the Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut, the Most Reverend Maurice F. McAuliffe, in his official letter to the clergy and laity of his great diocese, which includes many of the most important aviation and other war industries of our country, will be speedily and effectively followed by the other members of the hierarchy throughout the land. Last Sunday, December 14, Bishop McAuliffe's letter was read from the pulpits of the Catholic churches of Connecticut at all the Masses. Directly, lucidly, and in complete harmony with the doctrinal teaching and traditional practice of the Church in regard to the duty of patriotism in war-time, Bishop McAuliffe told his multi-racial flock the stern, hard facts of our national situation, and laid down the principles of their action. "We have been friends of all nations," he said, "and have sought and prayed for peace. It is our boast that as a people we always rise to the heights of Divine Charity on our love for our fellow men. The treacherous act of Japan arouses our deepest feelings of love of country and our fellow man and prompts us to make every effort to protect our beloved land. Here we enjoy freedom of worship, of speech, of

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assembly as nowhere else in the world. We are now called upon to defend our country and our rights.

"We answer the call of our President and our Congress and promise to carry on the war until this land and others enjoy the glorious freedom of a real democracy. There is today one mind and one heart in this glorious country. We shall fight until this infamy of unprovoked attack has been driven from all lands. In this crisis we pledge our loyalty and fealty to our country. We are ready to defend her even to the supreme sacrifice. We shall remain calm and temperate during the crisis and every day pray to our God to bless our country and its aims."

That the great majority of American Catholics, of all racial origins, will be loyal in thought, word and deed now that the gigantic struggle for their country's fate has begun, and that the great majority of their spiritual leaders, the Bishops and the clergy, will speak and act as the Bishop of Hartford has already done, may be taken for granted. At the same time, the need for a great nation-wide manifestation of patriotism on the part of all American Catholics, both clergy and laity alike, and the elimination of the pernicious influence of a small minority of false leaders, both clerical and lay, should be obvious.

Melancholy evidence of this lamentable fact has been provided by no less an authority on Catholic life and affairs than Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, in his lecture at St. John's College, Brooklyn, on December 14, when he told his audience that when he spoke on November 17, to the Catechetical Congress in Philadelphia, in the course of one of the largest and most important annual Catholic meetings of our country, he was booed and hissed and heard himself branded as a "sell-out" and a "Judas" when he expressed his opinion that in the crisis of our national affairs at present it was the duty of Catholics to support the President of their country. He told of receiving literally hundreds of letters and telegrams attacking him for his speech. "One lady said she belonged to fourteen Catholic organizations," related Monsignor Sheen, "and not one percent of the membership of any of them supported the President." According to the press account of Monsignor Sheen's lecture in Brooklyn—which has notoriously been one of the principal infection points of the poisonous propaganda spread principally by Father Coughlin—Monsignor Sheen said at this point: "If this is true, I as a member of the Catholic Church denounce all of them." And then he went on to say that it might not be believable, but it was true that a number of people would like to see Hitler win the war because they hate Jews.

The prevalence of this blind spirit of hatred of Jews among American Catholics is also revealed this week in the syndicated column of Father Gillis—who denounces it—in the Catholic weekly press. Now of course it may be true that not all the American Catholics who cherish hatred of the Jews would, therefore, surrender their country to Hitler; nevertheless, the spreading of virulent anti-Semitism among Catholics in recent months and years is now an anti-national and, in my opinion, ultimately an anti-Catholic menace of the most sinister sort. I can well remember how when I was still the editor of THE COMMONWEAL I was told by a prominent German-American priest from the middle west that he was convinced that this paper must be financially controlled and directed by the Jews because of the anti-Hitler attitude displayed by myself and Dr. George N. Shuster and other editors and contributors. I asked the priest how he explained the famous castigation of Hitlerism contained in the encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI to the German Bishops. He solemnly informed me that the Jewish and Masonic influence in the Vatican itself was responsible for the Pope's attack on Hitler, "the man sent by Providence to uphold the Catholic Church against Communism."

That, of course, is a most fantastic example of the degree to which virulent anti-Semitism may extend even among our educated clergy; nevertheless, the doctrine that would hold a secret clique of Jews responsible for all the evils of our age, and which teaches that our own government is in the hands of such Jews, is far more widely spread among our Catholic people than is generally known. Our Church in this country has already suffered because of this horrible conditions. Every effort should now be made to repair the damage, and bring the full force of our immense majority of normal, strongly patriotic American Catholics into unimpeded support of their country and their Church.

Communications

PRAYING IN WAR TIME

Bethany, Pa.

TO the Editors: May an author defend herself in divine deliverance of humanity." To begin to pray for this every day. "First small groups, and the Church as a whole, and at last the world, may turn and cry for forgiveness, mercy and deliverance for all." So wrote W. E. Orchard in THE COMMONWEAL, November 28. Where is the group, Father Orchard? I want to join right now. CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

THEIR NAME IS PIUS

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: May an author defend herself in the columns of your magazine? May she point out some "inaccuracies" in the recent review of her book, "Their Name Is Pius?"

My new book does not claim to be an exhaustive history of the period of one hundred and sixty-odd years covered by the pontificates of the modern Piuses whom I elected to take as my theme. My task was to present for the general reader the cataclysmic and kaleidoscopic picture of Europe during these fateful years *as seen through papal eyes.* These Piuses are *five* (not *six* as the reviewer has it)! They embrace Pius VI *through* Pius XI. (Pius VIII is given passing reference as his pontificate lasted only eight months, as the General Editor indicates in his Preface, and as I point out in the footnote on page 142.)

I did not "rely" upon Sir Archibald Alison for my data on European "liberalism," as a casual glance at the bibliography will reveal. I quote him once in the text. It is the words of the pontiffs themselves and their interpretation of the misguided assistance the liberals rendered to the anti-clerical Carbonari and Mazzinians

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which have been my guide. We have had enough "liberal" interpretations of European history. I myself was brought up on it. I felt it fitting to present *the papal point of view.*

The "complacency" which the reviewer attributes to Pius IX when he permitted the troops to march to the defense of the papal states against the Austrian threat does not tally with his repeated instructions *not to invade* that country, but only to act as a deterrent to another invasion of his patrimony. That Pius IX was a moderate liberal, both by education and inclination, I have clearly indicated, for he shared, with his compatriot liberal cardinals, as I have abundantly shown (page 154) the belief that "a united Italy among the nations of Europe" was not incompatible with "their rights and duties as citizens of the Roman States," and that "the just claims of modern society, *if it called itself Christian,*" could be attained by the progressively liberal policies he himself was trying so heroically to initiate. Indeed, as I have shown, he believed that "this path could be pursued, and indeed *must be pursued,* if Catholic principles were to be maintained unimpeded by dissident elements." That his efforts failed to conciliate was due in large part to the Mazzinian technique, which, like that of the communists today, was employed in camouflaging their destructive anti-Christian aims under the cloak of their liberal "fellow-travelers" the better to hide their own subversive schemes.

Obviously, a detailed history of the period covered by a book of the scope of mine cannot be comprised in one volume. My purpose was to write for the average reader of our day. It was not to further encumber the stuffy archives into which the author must delve. The "inaccuracies," typographical or other, which the author deplores as much as the reviewer, will be taken care of in the second edition of "Their Name Is Pius."

LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF.

Middletown, Conn.

TO the Editors: I am quite willing to add a short note to Mrs. Browne-Olf's letter; but I am still of the opinion that her book, while very commendably fulfilling its main purpose as a treatment of papal pronouncements and activities, is open to much criticism on historical canons. I did not complain of omissions; although one might have expected glimpses "through papal eyes" of the *Kulturkampf* and the relations between Church and State in Italy during Pius X's pontificate. Not a "casual glance" at, but a careful reinspection of, the bibliography reveals that our knowledge of European history as derived from Alison may be supplemented for his period from a little text-bookish account of Europe since the fall of Constantinople produced a half-century ago by the late Sir Richard Lodge, by J. H. Robinson's "Readings" of high school fame and by three encyclopedias. I did not ask for a "liberal," or any other, "interpretation" of history; but I cannot, for example, share Mrs. Browne-Olf's admiration for the civil government of the Papal States in the early nineteenth century. Even to Metternich, not only a Catholic, not only a reactionary, but a particular admirer of Gregory XVI, its retention constituted *"une faute immense."* And Gregory XVI lamented that he no longer had the youth and courage to make wide reforms. I agree with most of what Mrs. Browne-Olf says regarding Pius IX; but I still think that his attitude towards the movement of 1848 is better portrayed by G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley (whom she cites) than in her own book. And I do not like to be misquoted. My review suggested the *possibility* of complacency on the Pope's part.

H. C. F. BELL.

MEN WORKING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Your review of "Men Working" contained the statement that "parts of the South were originally settled by criminals."

This is an incorrect and misleading statement. No parts of the South, nor of the rest of America, were originally settled by criminals. Criminals came singly and in groups, sometimes of their own volition and sometimes under compulsion, to every colony on the Atlantic seaboard, after the colonies were established. Every European country sought to send its undesirables to America. Among them were felons, persons convicted of political offenses, unfortunates imprisoned or facing imprisonment for debt, as well as many indigent poor. The principal ports of entry were Boston, Charleston, New York and Philadelphia. They mingled with their fellow immigrants of better character and circumstances and took up the struggle to exist as best they could, by their wits, with their fists or whatever other methods came to hand.

Those persons of low degree scattered throughout all our land. They were outnumbered by those of better fortune and reputation. Nowhere today is there a state or section whose people stem for the most part from them. (The "Jackson-Whites" of the Ramapo Mountains in New York may be an exception.)

Your reviewer had Georgia in mind when he made the erroneous statement quoted above. It is high time people who comment in an *ex cathedra* manner informed themselves on the Oglethorpe myth. Oglethorpe brought no criminals to Georgia, and Georgia was never at any time a penal colony. The trustees of the colony paid for the passage of 2,122 persons between the years 1733 and 1750 and of these 1,246 were men and boys and 48 per cent of them were foreign Protestants. The 643 from the United Kingdom included more than a hundred Scotch Highlanders in 1735 as well as a goodly number of Irish. Not more than a dozen debtors were brought over and it cannot be said that they were criminals. Beginning with the original thirty-five families who arrived in 1733, all applicants were examined as to fitness for military duty and for guarantees of character.

Georgia received fewer of Europe's undesirables than the colonies farther north, by reason of her remote location from the larger ports of entry except Charleston.

Impartial readers are referred for full, detailed infomation to studies printed in the *Quarterly* of the Georgia Historical Society, as follows:

June, 1933. J. Randolph Anderson, "The Spanish Era in Georgia and the English Settlement in 1733."

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March, 1936. John Pitts Corry, "Racial Elements in Colonial Georgia."
September, 1940. Albert Berry Saye, "The Genesis of Georgia: Merchants as well as Ministers."
December, 1940. Albert Berry Saye, "Was Georgia A Debtor Colony?"

JOHN M. HARRISON.

TWELVE MILLION BLACK VOICES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I cannot allow George Streator's forthright analysis in your issue of November 28, of the implications in Richard Wright's recent book, "Twelve Million Black Voices," to go without an additional word of comment.

Aside from the merits of the book there is the danger of permitting the "divide and rule" technique which has been used so much in the past, just when Negroes have a chance to unite, to be applied to the present scene. When will Negroes begin to get wise to the fact that, instead of speaking about things that are self-evident—such as every shade under the sun being represented in what is popularly called "the Negro race"—that it is far better to think through a program that will solidify their interest? We need leadership that will inspire us to be proud of our origin and that will lead us fearlessly in the cause for which we must live, and if needs be die.

What does it matter if one is a mulatto or one is as black as the ace of spades? You may even be a brown man or a light-skinned Negro as Streator styles himself. Even if you are "White by law," it makes no difference—you are a Negro. Again, it matters not whether you come from the West Indies or Africa, or if you are born right over here—you are still classified as a Negro. Class distinction smacks of intra-racialism. Let us forget it.

Richard Wright's book has this merit, that it will provoke and stimulate discussion, which in itself will prove an excellent contribution to the rapidly changing social order.

EMANUEL A. ROMERO.

GREY EMINENCE

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: A very fine review of "Grey Eminence" appeared in THE COMMONWEAL (October 24). I was reading the book when it appeared, but I cannot totally agree with the reviewer. In other words, I think the chapter dealing with mystical theology has nothing in it which necessarily shows a disbelief in the divinity of Christ. It *does* maintain that Jesus-centrism does away with the mystical theology of those who preceded Saint John of the Cross and of Saint John himself, who were theocentric in their mysticism. Is it not true, as the author states, that Jesus-centrism must necessarily become *imagistic,* and hence deal with the concrete, *not* the abstract, i.e., Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Love, etc.—with which abstract thought mystical theology specifically deals? I may be all wrong! Mr. Sloane, of course, states that the author does not believe in the divinity of Christ. My question is: Was it that knowledge which influenced his judgment of the specific chapter I am speaking of?

JULIA METCALF.

Westport, Conn.

TO the Editors: Dr. Julia Metcalf states that there is nothing in the chapter on mystical theology in Aldous Huxley's "Grey Eminence" which necessarily shows a disbelief in the divinity of Christ. The following passages amply show, on the contrary, that such disbelief is inescapably to be inferred:

"Christianity started out with a metaphysical system derived from several already existing and mutually incompatible systems. Jesus seems to have taken for granted the existence of the personal deity of the Old Testament; but at the same time he seems to have used a purely mystical approach to the kingdom of God which he actually experienced within his soul" (page 60). One does not write in this manner of God Incarnate, but rather of an accomplished human mystic who has for his own enlightenment delved into religious systems of the past.

"This work ('The Cloud of Unknowing') consists in the cultivation of the art of loving God for himself alone and as he is after passing through the refractive medium of a human personality" (page 68). Taken in its context, the "human personality" designates Jesus Christ.

"In the teachings of primitive, southern Buddhism, Catholicism would have found the most salutary correctives for its strangely arbitrary theology . . . for its elaborately justified beliefs in the magic efficacy of rites and sacraments." (From the chapter, "Childhood and Youth," page 33). The sacramental system was established by Christ, and if since His time it has been magic in essence, then it was magic for Him, and therefore He had not divine powers at His command.

Now if Huxley believed in the divinity of Christ, he would have stated his reasons why God, who may be the object of mystical contemplation as a spiritual Being, may not be the object of such contemplation in the human form in which He visited the earth. But Huxley does not discuss that highly important question. Obviously he assumes Christ was not God.

As to whether Christ and His Passion may be the object of mystical contemplation, I refer Dr. Metcalf to my discussion of this point in my review of "Grey Eminence." Let me here add that contemplation of the Passion, if confined to its purely physical aspects, is certainly concrete and has little meaning. But the abstract qualities of Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Love, etc., derive powerful intensity from the mystic's consideration of the Passion *in all its significance.* Those abstract qualities are pre-eminently implicit in Christ and His Passion.

In reply to Dr. Metcalf's last question, one's judgment is of course influenced by necessary conclusions. In no event, however, do I question the extraordinary brilliance of Huxley's book.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE, III.

THE ENGLISH

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am afraid that a distortion of my point of view regarding "The English Are Like That" by Philip Carr has been caused by qutoing one side only of a rather long antithetical review.

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My criticism of this book (and others similar to it) which I labeled an "English Legend Book" was that it presented a sentimentalized and romanticized version of England that serves as an irritant to outsiders. Consequently it served as poor propaganda for others than Anglophiles of long established views.

Another side of England truly deserving of respect was seldom presented in this type of book—a side of England that would prove intelligible to all and would be welcomed by all.

May I trust that you will publish this comment in view of the fact that the truncated version of my review reads like an extract from Saint Paul without due regard for the entire context? Or will you insist on your contributors pulling their punches and making only very guarded statements?

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

The Stage & Screen

Song Out of Sorrow

THE BIOGRAPHY of the poet Francis Thompson's middle years might have been invented by Maupassant. Failing as an aspirant to the priesthood and the medical profession, he descended to selling matches and calling cabs along the Thames Embankment, which was oftener than not his bed. A cockney streetwalker found him there one winter night, half dead from privation, and brought him home to the lodgings she shared with a bibulous coster. She let him take permanent (and let it be clearly understood, solitary) possession of the couch, found him a steady job with a shoemaker; now at last he had a chance to set down the poetry that was crowding his genius-tormented brain.

But his addiction to laudanum loses him his job. No one will buy his poems. His good angel is arrested for stealing a suit of clothes to tide him through another winter. An overdose of laudanum: what an easy way to remove the burden of himself from the uncaring world.

But in the nick of time, a knock on the door. An important editor—Wilfred Meynell—has found a sheaf of poems by an unknown author knocking about his office, wants to buy them.

Felix Doherty has done the difficult job of telling this truer-than-fiction story with a minimum of bathos. Even more difficult, he manages to convince us that the young actor we watch on the stage might believably have contained "The Hound of Heaven." Stacy Harris does a good job with the part; more than once I wanted to send up the usher with an aspirin. Rosanna Seaborn does an even better job of Flossie: a forthright young woman who has been in enough jams of her own to recognize another's; besides, the couch is empty so why not use it before Bill trades it for a pint of gin? Guy Spaull lets us understand why Flossie has a warm spot in her heart for Bill.

"Song Out of Sorrow" was offered by the Blackfriars Guild as the second in their series of original plays dedicated to the Catholic tradition in the theater. It is never, however, explicitly Catholic but rather broadly Christian in the Dostoievskian tradition. We are shown the spectacle of mortal weakness and suffering tempered by disinterested kindness. Or, in Catholic terms, the tragic need of the human soul for grace, and the gratuitous, miraculous satisfaction of that need. I have already indicated that the author's overfondness for dramatic cliché unhappily shrinks his loftly theme. Or should we blame Queen Victoria? *(At the Blackfriars Theater.)*

Golden Wings

"THE GOLDEN WINGS" at the Cort swiftly folded at the sound of the air-raid sirens along Broadway. For the record, this was a chipper account of R.A.F. pilots talking and acting like Boy Scouts at their club between flights. Anyone who has spent a day at Oxford or Cambridge knows that R.A.F. pilots probably *do* talk exactly like William Jay and Guy Bolton make them do, but this is no time to rub it in. Let's keep them in the air, where their actions speak for themselves.

DAVID BURNHAM.

Psychology Hits Hollywood

I WAKE UP SCREAMING could have been such a good mystery thriller that one regrets that someone didn't take ahold early in the game and say, "See here!" If it had been less pretentious, more thoughtfully planned,

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it could easily have been something Alfred Hitchcock might be proud of. Steve Fisher's novel of the same name is a natural for films, especially after Dwight Taylor's script cleaned up much of the unnecessary dirt. As it stands it is still an unusual horror item fitted together to give you uneasy moments and prickly chills. Victor Mature (fresh from triumphs on the New York stage) plays the rôle of a promoter who thinks he can make Waitress Carole Landis over into a glamor girl. He is aided by Allyn Joslyn and Alan Mowbray, but thoroughly frowned on by Betty Grable who keeps an eye on sister Carole's virtue when her life becomes a dizzy whirl. But Carole is found dead! Vic is suspected, given a grilling third degree. The suspicions shifts. There are false clues. Vic and Betty flee. A ghoulish police inspector pursues. New York proves an easy and fascinating hiding place. There is some brutal rough stuff; and your eyes are glued to the screen to the end. None of the performances will win Oscars, but under Bruce Humberstone's direction they fill the requirements. Especially effective is Laird Cregar as the smooth, insinuating, psychopathic cop. The year's prize unnecessary scene shows Grable and Mature, for no reason at all in the midst of their flight, going swimming—no reason, that is, unless to show their handsome figures.

M-G-M has a Christmas present for you too. It's Shirley Temple. And I'm not being facetious; for the little girl has come back to the screen after her year's retirement; she's more attractive than ever and proves, as she has so often in the past, that she's a good actress when she has a rôle worthy of her talents. The modernized version of the poor-little-rich-girl theme in *"Kathleen"* gives Shirley a chance to do her stuff. Always being placed in the wrong by grown-ups, this motherless child would naturally be ill-tempered when her stupid, snooping governess is mean and fails to understand her, and her busy father (Herbert Marshall) neglects her, and his designing fiancée (Gail Patrick) treats her with patronizing airs. Of course this movie-minded child with a vivid imagination would build up the most fanciful lies and day dreams and love a sympathetic old man like Felix Bressart as a confidant. But when Laraine Day, a specialist in abnormal psychology, is called in to work on this precocious, high strung youngster, half of Kathleen's troubles are over. And the other half disappear when papa sees more in Miss Day than her interest in psychiatry. "Kathleen" is a Temple film that adults may enjoy more than children. It moves slowly at times, but it is not unintelligent. Harold S. Bucquet has directed the script by Mary C. McCall, Jr., with good taste and good humor. The dreamy-thought sequences make noteworthy cinema. In fact George Haight's entire production has the air of unusual entertainment carefully planned by a studio that wants to use to best advantage a twelve-year-old star who is returning to work after premature retirement.

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that George Bruce wrote his screenplay from a free adaptation of Alexander Dumas's novel. "Free" is putting it mildly, for the film combined all of Dumas's last-century swashbuckling with Hollywood improvements and Producer Edward Small's conception of how this sort of thing should be visualized. Gregory Ratoff directed and, although you realize the whole thing has been wrapped up in splendidly overdone ham, he keeps each thrilling scene moving so fast that man and boy alike will tingle to the excitement even while they giggle at the improbabilities of the picaresque tale. The year's bloodthirstiest introduction, with all the gore of "Macbeth" crowded into a few scenes, establishes the fact that villain Akim Tamiroff wants to wipe out the Franchi family. (Because in Corsica, everyone lived by the law of the vendetta; that's the way things were done in those high spirited days.) So he swoops down on the clan and kills all except the freshly born Siamese twins who are saved by old Doc H. B. Warner and faithful J. Carrol Naish. Warner cuts the twins apart. Mario is raised in Paris; Lucien is brought up in the Corsican forests. But at the age of 21, they are brought together and swear vengeance on Tamiroff. They looks exactly alike (because they's both Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and cause much confusion in carrying on their vendetta. But the catch to it is: Lucien suffers all Mario's pains, emotions—yes, even love pangs. So when Mario falls for lovely Ruth Warrick (whom Tamiroff wants to marry) poor Lucien falls in love too and gets pretty frustrated when he's rejected. This leads to a terrifically dramatic climax in which dashing Doug Jr. is being tortured by Tamiroff while the other Doug Jr. feels each lash that's laid across the fainting Doug Jr.'s bare shoulders. Of course there's an exciting duel in the finale; an awful lot of people are killed, but at least one Doug Jr. is left to win the pretty girl.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of Week

Apostle of the Gentiles

The Living Thoughts of Saint Paul. Jacques Maritain. Translated by Harry Lorin Binsse. Longmans. $1.25.

THE PURPOSE of the "Living Thoughts Library," edited by Alfred O. Mendel, is to present the "essence of the great works from every age and nation, distilled and interpreted by kindred thinkers of our day"; an aim which is admirably exemplified in this little volume, if one makes the reservation that no thinker among all the world's sages, not even Jacques Maritain, is quite the kin of Saint Paul. M. Maritain very properly does not consider himself to be the author of this book; rather, as the title-page indicates, he *presents* the thoughts, living yesterday, today and tomorrow, of the incomparable letter-writer that was Saint Paul. The task M. Maritain proposed to himself was to set forth, against the backdrop of contemporary society, the deathless truths, grand perspectives and eternal principles of conduct announced in Saint Paul's Epistles, all of which he arranges so as to exhibit in systematized form the thoughts which the Apostle wrote down under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. This is an endeavor of no great difficulty since the appearance of Prat's monumental work on the theology of Saint Paul.

As M. Maritain sees the matter, and his analysis seems well justified, the wealth of Saint Paul's thought flows from three great intuitions: the feeling for the universality of the Kingdom of God and the feeling of salvation by faith, not by the Law; the primacy of the internal over the external, of the spirit over the letter, of the life of grace over ceremonial observances; and the freedom of the sons of God. After sketching in several short chapters the life and mission of the Saint, M. Maritain groups together throughout the rest of the book the principal texts that develop the primary Pauline themes and cognate doctrines. These are cited from the accurate and generally readable English of the Westminster Version. Besides the labor of selection and arrangement, M. Maritain's contribution consists for the most part in a brief running commentary designed to bind together the substance of Saint Paul's teaching scattered through many letters, and to point out their significance for contemporary life.

Most impressive perhaps, and most pertinent for those who seek application of Pauline thought to their own problems, is Chapter VII, "The Economy of Salvation." The necessity of the Eucharist for human life as God intended it in the New Order, the function of the Mystical Body of Christ in the continuity of the redemptive process, the basic solution to the complexities of the married state and of economic society, the resurrection of man and the final climax of all things, unfold with majestic effect. Active readers can come at last to glimpse, if only with flashes of perception, the nature of the tremendous Thing that happened between the Incarnation and the first Pentecost, and of their own place and destiny in the world. The product of that event here on earth is the New Man, the Free Man, whose freedom is accomplished by the Cross, because he is one with Christ and is called to enter into His work.

With scarcely a hint of a lapse here and there, the translation is excellent and idiomatic. But it is to be hoped that the substitution of a so-called "Index" at the end of the book according to French usage, instead of the familiar and greatly preferable Table of Contents at the beginning, will find no imitators.

CYRIL VOLLERT, S.J.

LATIN AMERICA

Inside Latin America. J. Gunther. Harper. $3.50.

FROM a five-month airplane voyage through twenty republics and covering some 18,938 miles, John Gunther emerges laden with a vast conglomeration of the history, politics and customs of our neighbors to the South. In culling information for his latest "inside" book, Mr. Gunther evidently made a special effort to see as many of the "higher-ups" as he possibly could, and the result was most satisfactory—17 out of 20 Presidents or Acting Presidents, 18 out of 20 Foreign Ministers. The book is thus replete with the names of the mighty, and this fact will perhaps produce a certain amount of confusion in the minds of the average reader.

Starting out with Mexico, Gunther immediately applied his renowned technique—interviewing political leaders, asking numberless questions about the country; its problems, its hopes and its fears. For the benefit of the general reading public a short (and in most cases extremely inadequate) historical survey is presented in an

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attempt to correlate past events with present day actualities. This phase of "Inside Latin America" is perhaps the least successful element in Gunther's highly journalistic structural pattern.

Mexico's past is so involved that it is absolutely impossible to synthesize it into a few pages of generalizations. This process is dangerous and leads easily to loose and misguiding phraseology. Typical are two sentences that describe the Mayas and the Aztecs, thus: "They had sensible ideas of education, community life and land ownership; they worshipped the elements as represented by a variety of ornate gods; their government was a loose federation of clans, with leadership vested in a kind of national council. They were addicted—the obverse side of the coin—to human sacrifice revolting in character and degree."

This Mexican pattern Gunther has applied to each succeeding country which he visited. The result is a narrative highly colorful, extremely interesting and always just a trifle hard to keep straight. Special attention has been given to the fifth column problem in each country as to its extent, importance and menace, whether actual or potential. The best passages in the book are those dealing with Chile, Argentina and Brazil. The vivid description of the abject poverty in Puerto Rico is shocking indeed.

Concluding chapters are devoted to the Caribbean area, and consider the various problems which the recent acquisition of the naval bases will entail. Altogether, Mr. Gunther's report, although it minces no words about dictatorships and Axis influences in Latin-America, is optimistic and reasonably hopeful for the future solidarity and welfare of the western hemisphere. GREGORY SMITH.

Aztecs of Mexico. George C. Vaillant. Doubleday. $3.75.

THIS IS a book that will interest travelers to Mexico and those who read history to reflect on the infinite diversity of man. For the intelligent travelers in Mexico it will find the place that, let us say, a good history of Siena might occupy in the hands of someone staying in a pension there in years past: convenient, authoritative, an admirable companion for the hours between expeditions. The author evidently had this purpose in mind, for he adds a final chapter that is a suggested tour for the traveler who wishes to see the Aztec country intelligently.

Dr. Vaillant is an admirable man for the task of writing the story of a people whose history is still in the process of emerging from the earth and from the field notes of archeologists. He is himself a distinguished student of the subject. He picks his way with fairness and a level head among the various archeological controversies that seam the field. He has a great affection for the Aztec region of today and a deep sympathy for the art of ancient Mexico. It is the book by the right kind of specialist who is too interested in his subject to be content to speak of it only to his fellow specialists. For those who read to understand their travel experiences and as a summary of archeological knowledge, it is a most useful book.

But as a history of a strange branch of the human race it has also the defects of its virtues, which are precisely those of its archeological documentation: and the result is most interesting if not quite satisfying. In dealing with other ancient civilizations we are accustomed to histories based upon a wide documentation not only of artifacts and works of art but literature and the traditions embedded in more or less coninuous stream of civilization. But when in his introductory chapters the author reconstructs the pre-Aztec Indian life of Mexico and Central America, he gives us a history based upon artifacts and works of plastic art alone, for the written literature and oral tradition are lacking. Archeology is today so skillful that a vanished life can be reconstructed from artifacts alone with an impressive degree of completeness. But it is, and can be, only of the economic and material existence of a civilization; the danger of being accustomed to work with such evidence alone is that one may forget that this is not all.

Dr. Vaillant's story of the rise of a communal Indian life based upon the earth, the plants, the climate and food supply of ancient America is fascinating. The middle American cultures were distinguished from the Peruvian by their development of a "ceremonial civilization," that is to say, one dominated by religious ideas. His theory of the origin of the Mayas' "ceremonial civilization" is entirely naturalistic and based upon his reading of Indian economic life. Agricultural conditions, he says, made it necessary for the Mayan people to scatter widely during a great part of the year in order to procure food, and the elaborate religious life of the Mayas was invented to hold society together. Ceremonial gave social unity. In this, and in his whole theory of civilization, he seems to me to underestimate the driving power of ideas, which means an underestimate of the power of personality. We have no archeological documents for personality, it is true. But we know something of the shaping effect of a great religious leader, a poet (Homer), a philosophic intellect or moralist (Socrates) upon the development of other civilizations; and while Mayan life was still perhaps several millenia removed from such levels of consciousness, these analogies from other branches of society as well as from Indian life of today have their place as a check upon generalizations. The question raised by the author's theory of Indian civilization is this: does a civilization grow like a forest, out of the earth and under the sky, shaped by unconscious forces, or does it also grow as an inheritance of driving ideas which are part of personalities? Dr. Vaillant, like many archeologists, assumes that it grows like a forest. I would question whether this is not an oversimplification.

The same underestimate of the force of ideas is to be found in his interpretation of Aztec life. The tribal annals written down after the conquest carry a bare skeleton of historical events back through several centuries. And although the Aztec language was not equipped to make general statements or express abstract ideas, the reports of the Spanish conquerors give us some evidence of the structure of knowledge and belief in Aztec civilization; enough to make an extraordinarily interesting problem of civilization. The forms of social organization, armies, cities, religious priesthoods, doctrines of sacrifice, ownership of property and the like, follow everywhere certain basic patterns that seem inherent in the nature of man. Dr. Vaillant assumes that they are therefore pretty much the same thing and frequently assures us that our society has its failures and cruelties as did the Aztecs', and that there is no particular reason for feeling ourselves better than they. This fashion of drawing analogies between acts and forms and ignoring the importance of ideas in determining the qualities of acts and forms will offer some interesting reflections for one who reads with this in mind. Aztec civilization was not only human, strange and splendid in pageantry. It was sodden with cruelty, caught in a vicious cycle of war to secure captives for

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human sacrifice and sacrifice to secure success in war, and lacking in practically all the great driving ideas which have erected western or Asiatic civilizations. Dr. Vaillant believes that the Aztecs offer us a noble inheritance of mutual service for the benefit of man. Is not this, for instance, an exaggeration of the value of a primitive tribal communism, in a society with such characteristics and with no conception of individuality or human dignity? This is so good a book archeologically that I hope the author, with his brilliant parts and deep sympathy for the subject, will some day deal as admirably with the historical questions—for the Aztecs are a remarkable and fascinating problem.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

POETRY

A Woman Wrapped in Silence. John W. Lynch. Macmillan. $2.00.

IN WRITING the life of the Mother of God in poetry there are two dangers which must be avoided. The first arises out of hewing faithfully to the line of the Gospels, in which case the Scylla is the retelling in verse of that which is already peerlessly told. The second involves elaboration on the Gospels, and there the Charybdis is the invention of detail which may easily come from false sentimentality, pietism or uninspired imagination. Father Lynch assures the reader that his book "does not draw on legend or easy fancy"; that he "scrupulously holds to the facts." This is not so. Were it true, he could not have written a poem of such epic length.

Every Gospel text, and other related ones from both Testaments, which refer to Mary, is interpolated. This provides a minor point of criticism, for, to be integral, they should have been woven into the poem. Nevertheless elaboration is profusely employed. Sometimes it is purely speculative. Sometimes it takes the form of too-emphasized praeterition, when Father Lynch questions the silences of the Evangelists, states that "we'd ask for more" from them, and then proceeds to advance his own fancies. His salient purpose is to "humanize" the Holy Family, one which involves seriously the question of taste. But the very reverence with which he approaches Them, in many instances, defeats him. His is not the soaring imagination to invent circumstances which exalt the theme; instead his contribution to the story, too often pedestrian, illustrates the fact that the Evangelists' drama is intensified by the fewness of words with which they unfold it. This does not imply that Father Lynch has failed in his meditations. There are certain fine passages where these activate his lines and give them fire. But they are few and far between; indeed they occur almost as separate poems standing out eloquently and alone in chapters too frequently dull.

Much of this monotony of "A Woman Wrapped in Silence" is due to a lack of facility in the use of blank verse. Father Lynch has not mastered this form which, however easy it may appear, is the most difficult to handle for any great length. There are few instances where he is not betrayed into one or another fault. Too often his rhythms, for instance, fall into those of lofty prose; even more often he becomes intoxicated with words and piles up phrases with a sacrifice of clarity. These lines may be cited as typical:

> The Will that mightily had moved to mark
> Its hour, the summoning of angels told
> To speak again the accents of the Voice
> That once had called from out the whirlwind's depths,
> Fulfillment of the Ancient Covenant,
> And sudden harking to the patient pleas
> That Israel's years had sobbed, had only caused
> A woman named Elizabeth to bow
> Her head, and made a carpenter to walk
> More softly in the dawn to lift his hand.

Written in prose form, these lines could not be recognized as poetry; they would immediately be termed rhetorically bad prose.

Obviously the story of the Blessed Virgin cannot be told without some edification. Father Lynch undoubtedly achieves this end and is to be commended for his own devotion. He has unfortunately worked mightily without the equipment of genius which is essential for the successful treatment of his theme.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

SPORT

High Conquest. James Ramsey Ullman. Lippincott. $3.75.

TO THE average American reader who is not a climber the word *mountain,* or *mountaineering,* conjures up the general notion of the Alps, now isolated in a war-torn continent, and Swiss guides dangling from great precipices, with perhaps the more specific notion of some experience of his own on the Mer de Glace or a stop at one of the chalets in sight of the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc.

The literature of mountaineering in America has to a great extent been confined to the journals of the various mountaineering clubs, whose circulation is restricted to their members, and whose language and style is calculated rather to arouse the interest of the climber himself more than the average reader. Of the wealth of British books on the subject, few have filtered through enough to be widely read, and the majority of them deal with an area even more remote in our minds than the Alps—the Himalaya. The name of Mount Everest has become a legend. The highest mountain on earth, yes, but men have tried and failed, and readers have returned it to its lonely vigil over the obscure Tibetan border.

The book by James Ramsey Ullman is well designed to fulfil a need in bringing to the layman the story of mountaineering in a popular and comprehensive form. Beginning with the birth of mountaineering as a sport with the conquest of the Matterhorn by Whymper in 1865, and the subsequent winning of the Alps, Mr. Ullman outlines the great mountains of the world and man's struggle to win them. The mountains of Europe, North and South America, Africa and Asia are discussed, and the winning of the highest summits on each described, culminating in the great unfinished adventure of Everest.

It will be of no small interest to the majority of Americans to realize the part that is being played in this by their fellow countrymen. While Everest has been the objective of a number of British expeditions, Minya Konka in China, climbed by an American expedition in 1932, was the highest summit ever reached until the 26,660-foot peak of Nanda Devi fell to a British-American expedition in 1936. And twice American expeditions have fallen just short of the 28,250-foot summit of K2 in the Karakoram Himalaya.

The author writes in a pleasing style, though his over use of several expressions is a bit redundant. The photographs are excellently chosen and well reproduced. A

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few more maps would be a welcome addition, and on technicalities one might take issue with some of the definitions on pp. 291-92. The crevasses in an ice fall, for example, are due rather to the strain of *tension* than to *pressure,* and while a *piece* of a hanging glacier may break off, one rarely speaks of a hanging glacier breaking away. The length of the Hubbard Glacier (p. 251) is nearer to 75 than to 90 miles.

Appendices include a glossary of mountaineering terms, a well selected bibliography and a list of the principal summits of the world. A chapter is devoted to mountain craft and another to a description of the most attractive mountain regions in North America.

Mr. Ullman is to be congratulated on his work and the book will have fulfilled its purpose if, in addition to stirring the interest of the reader, it arouses a greater interest in one of the grandest sports in existence.

ANDERSON BAKEWELL.

The Inner Forum

The Church in Kansas Confers

"THERE is a special propriety in holding this first Priests' Liturgical Day at a time of such crisis, even a special propriety in holding it in what we may call a *diaspora,* or even missionary, section of our country," said Bishop F. A. Thill of Concordia to some two hundred priests in presiding over one of the sessions of the day's program held at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, December 10, 1941. Thus, if history does not exactly repeat itself, still historic factors working in the same way present parallel pictures. There were many pages of the Christian past summed up in the circumstance that the Catholic bishops and priests of Kansas met in a Benedictine Abbey amid the clash of war and world collapse to confer about the Catholicism of tomorrow and the day after.

St. Benedict's Abbey, particularly in the person of the Reverend Bernard Sause, O.S.B., J.C.D., has made a significant contribution toward an all-out spiritual defense program by Mid-West Catholics by inviting bishops and priests to spend a full day in studying and discussing (and, in the church and chapel, in living) the program of the liturgical movement. Each of Kansas's three bishops presided over one of the general sessions, while priests of the state's three sees, diocesan and regular, showed a response in keeping with the importance of the theme. The writer also recognized among those present priests from each of the three dioceses of Missouri, and it is likely that others had come from sees in Iowa and Nebraska.

If it was a matter of regret that sickness kept the Abbot of St. Benedict's, the Right Reverend Martin Veth, O.S.B., from being present except in spirit, as testified by his telegram, there was compensation in the fact that Abbot Columba Thuis, O.S.B., had come all the way from New Orleans to be present. Another chance visitor from afar was the Executive Secretary of Liturgical Week, the Reverend Michael Ducey, O.S.B., of Newark.

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deal with all her problems simultaneously." It was the conviction of many present at this Liturgical Day that it was a war-time turning of attention to first things first in studying the deep unifying spiritual values of active lay participation in the offices of Catholic worship.

"We are not here to make liturgy," said the Most Reverend Paul C. Schulte, Bishop of Leavenworth, in opening the first general session after the *missa solemnis*, "but rather to make ourselves liturgical." His Excellency made a stirring plea on behalf of the social values of congregational planesong, the full ceremonial observance of such days as the Rogations and Corpus Christi. He outlined and discussed a plan for inter-parochial collaboration in carrying out the processions of the Rogations and Corpus Christi.

The first formal paper stressed the fact that the liturgical movement of today represents the unfinished business of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, and dwelt on the delay imposed on the Church in reforming her worship by the long struggle with Jansenism. The Reverend J. E. Biehler of Flush led the discussion of this paper, in the course of which Abbot Columba read a passage from Maynard's new "Story of American Catholicism" characterizing the liturgical movement as the most fruitful development in our current Church life.

The Reverend Patrick Cummins, O.S.B., of Conception Abbey in the Diocese of St. Joseph, used all the classroom aids of black-board and charts in presenting Saint Thomas's teaching on the *final* effect of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, as "mankind-reduced-to-unity" in the reception of the Holy Sacrament. Bishop Schulte himself led the discussion of this paper.

After dinner, served in the parish hall, the clergy filed into the church, where the children of the parish chanted (Sunday) Compline in English. This singularly moving service was followed by Benediction.

In the auditorium once more, Bishop Thill mounted the rostrum, and in presenting the Right Reverend M. B. Hellriegel of St. Louis to the group, candidly told how he, as a seminarian, had been profoundly impressed by the pioneer work of Father Hellriegel in promoting of the liturgical movement in O'Fallon, Missouri. "I know by personal knowledge that Monsignor Hellriegel has influenced archbishops and bishops in this country." There was no question but that the same Monsignor was deeply impressing the assembly as he dwelt on the ways and means of leading the people into active and intelligent participation in Catholic worship. The Reverend Alexander Harvey, S.T.L., Chancellor of the Diocese of Leavenworth, echoed as discussion leader the lessons of the paper.

The Reverend Bonaventure Schwinn, O.S.B., Dean of Theology at St. Benedict's, had the supplementary paper at this session, on fostering liturgical life in the parish, and of the parish, through the sacramental system. This paper in turn was discussed by Monsignor F. J. Morrell, Chancellor of the Diocese of Wichita.

Wichita's genial shepherd, Christian H. Winkelmann, took over the chair for the final session and left no doubt of his whole-hearted support of the Liturgy as a most vital stay of current Catholicism. This session, under the guidance of the Reverend H. J. Koch of Kansas City, Kansas, was devoted to a realistic plea for congregational singing of planechant. Vespers solemnly chanted seemed laden with much more than customary blessings as America's first Liturgical Day for Priests came to its close.

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